

EXTRA CTS.

THE BORDER LAND.

In dusky woodlands on a bold hill,
And through the canes we catch the gondola swing
Of emerald boughs against the sunbirds sky,
And list the sweet wild birds their vespers sing.

I have no wish but my toads to lay
Upon the bosom of the Good and Great;
To fold my hands in mock content and say,
"Well if thou bl'st to come, well to wait."

One word, "Fervor," embraces all past years;
With pride for present gifts my heart runs over,
While through the mist of silent, tranquil tears
Gleams the fair vision of a golden day.

Stands it fair for me this summer night?

To give me there are my little angels not?

And I so soon to share their pure delight?

"Hark! a soft voice responsive saith, "Not yet."

Go back once more, small child to school—

The world's wide with school of toil and tears;

Follow no but Christ's most loving rule,
And bring each day my trophies to His feet;

Some selfish sin abhored, dark passion slain;

Some sweet forgetfulness of a bitter wrong;

Some tender solace of a brother's pain;

Some sorrow bravely borne in duty strong.

And yet the more you wrestle on to know,
"And knowing, walk the path the Master trod

You all of hope in lower human things—

Upon the way of the perfect (but) not.

At you! When sickness unto death goes by,

The border land should to a holy place—

A glorious mount of pause 'twixt earth and sky,

Whose face give souls a deeper grace.

So let me henceforth in clustered nap—

To wear my lengthened hours, forgetting never

The flight which I that night have had,

And glistened afar the home beyond the river!

—Good Words.

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

Under the title of "The Blantyre Missionaries—Discreditable Detectives" Mr. Andrew, Cheshire, F.R.C.S., has published (Wm. Kidway, 169, Piccadilly, London), a pamphlet making most astounding charges of mismanagement, cruelty, and something worse against those in charge of the established Church Mission at Blantyre, not far from the Lake Nyassa. The *Gasoway Mail* makes the following extracts, and expresses the hope that a speedy refutation will be given to statements which seem to it altogether incredible—

The first charge which I have to bring against the Mission is, that last March 1879—there were two natives working at Blantyre sawing wood, &c., at which they had been employed some time. Between them they owned one woman, who, according to native custom, had their gardens, grew maize, and cooked their meals for them. Having some differences with her master, this woman left them and complained to the heads of the Mission, who, no doubt, very properly protested and put her to live in another house. Both the men were much incensed at losing the woman, and failing to get her back indulged in all sorts of threats against her. Some time after, more than three months, a woman belonging to the station was found shot, down by the stream. A post and left him. Half an hour after, Adrienne announced a large fortune for those day and died worth \$300,000, which fact those who estimate at their true value the qualities implied by judicious expenditure may be inclined to consider the most striking evidence of her sterling and self-contained character.

It is not easy to determine when the romance of her life—her acquaintance with the Comte de Saxe—began. He came to Paris in 1720, three years after her brilliant appearance on the stage. He left on his adventurous expedition to Courland in 1726, and at the latter date they were on such terms that she was ready to accomplish that memorable act of generosity of selling her jewels to supply him with requisite funds. She ran great risk of never seeing him again. Two years of penitent separation followed: the depth of sentiment which filled them is betrayed rather than shown by the veiled pathos of a few sentences in which she refers to his return. "One who has been long expected," she wrote, "will come back this evening, as far as one may judge, in fairly good health. A courier has arrived who was sent on before, as the carriage had broken down thirty leagues off. A light chaise has started, and to-night some one will be here." (It is impossible to render the tenderness "On sera ici.")

It was nearly two years after the return of Maurice from Courland that Adrienne received a mysterious visit from a poor hunch-backed miniature painter, the Abbé Bouroul, who, not finding her at home, left word that he had a communication of the highest importance to make to her if she would meet him in the Luxembourg Gardens, where he would make himself known by a concerted signal—three taps on his hat. The artist drove to the place of rendezvous, and there was informed that the painter had received the offer of a large bribe if, under the pretense of taking her portrait, he contrived to leave with her some poisoned lozenges given him by a great lady of the Court whom jealousy prompted to murder Adrienne. Several versions of the story are hard to follow, which will not agree, and the whole affair is sufficiently obscure. In any case, it is certain that Adrienne was not poisoned. For a long time her health had been failing, and it was several months after the incident in the Luxembourg that she played at the Comédie Française for the last time. We have the vivid account of an eye-witness, the lovely Greek beauty, the rival of Adrienne, Coquenard, in charm of mind and person, Mlle. d'Aise, who was at the theatre that night, and was greatly shocked by the manifest suffering of the actress, who, nevertheless, went through her part with heroic fortitude. She appeared in the "Edipe" of Voltaire as the first piece, and then, ill as she was, played again in the after-piece, "Le Florentin," in which, long and difficult as was her part, by force of genius and nerve she acquitted herself to perfection. She was carried home in an almost dying state, and five days afterwards expired of acute internal inflammation. Her friend Voltaire, who owed her much of the success of his early tragedies, says she died in his arms. In her death—through a priest of St. Sulpice forced his way to her bedside. "Do not be angry," she said, "I know what brings you here. I have not forgotten your poor in my will." Then, turning to a bust of the Comte de Saxe, she exclaimed, "Voilà mon univers, mon espoir, et mes dieux!" As she had died without having renounced the stage, she was refused Christian burial, and her body was hurried away by night in a cab, and thrust underground in a wood-yard, the place where the stagehands were then staying.

The result of all this is that the Livingstonia Mission, with which the names of Mr. Young and Dr. James Stewart are so closely identified, is beginning to feel the evil of having Blantyre so near them. All male, female, &c., go through the latter Mission on the way to Livingstonia, and now, instead of having a peaceful and friendly base among the Makalolo, the Lake Nyassa Mission has difficulty in getting its supplies up. In addition, the natives, unable to distinguish between the two sets of whites, do not hesitate to attack the Livingstonia natives when the latter are compelled to go down to Blantyre. All this is injuring Livingstonia, in its most deplorable way. On the lake, where their ships of operation lie, peace and order reign. The whites are welcomed everywhere, and such is the fame of Livingstonia that natives for a great distance round come to pay friendly visits or to receive medical advice. Dr. Laws, who is the head of this happy settlement, is really beloved by all; and a more contented or useful mission station exists nowhere. But now the very existence of Livingstonia is threatened.

THE STORY OF ADRIENNE LECOURTRE.

A few words may not be out of place concerning the great actress and charming woman whom Scribner made the chief character of the drama now often played in London by the French company at the Gaetly Theatre. Scribner's departure from the truth of history is not perhaps above the average in such cases; but his play is unsatisfactory and even somewhat repulsive to any one who knows the true Adrienne—"her whose great merit, to which the 'Le' was subsequently added for euphemistic reasons." Born in a relatively low station (her father was a hatter in a small town), she and one of those rich, spontaneous creatures which do not seem to need education. From her earliest youth she showed great talent in reciting voices, and at fifteen took the part of Pauline in Corneille's "Polyeucte" in private theatricals for which a grocer in the Rue Férou lent his premises. Her real apprenticeship on the stage took place in the provinces, and was only in 1717, when she was twenty-seven years old, that she appeared in Paris, a companion and original actress. No words, we are told, can describe the color and brilliancy of her hair, and it was said that she began where others ended. An extraordinary yet natural dignity of carriage which gave her the appearance of a real queen amid the vulgar populace of Paris. The phenomenon was preceded by an exceptional rising of the lake, increased by the abundant winter rains. According to old tradition, the Spaniards maintain that when the lake rises earthquakes are to be feared. Formerly, also, it was the custom to dig trenches to facilitate the escape of the waters. This practice was followed without intermission for a century, and volcanic phenomena did not appear during all that time. The present phenomena seem to justify this tradition.

"There has been another little war here. It arose not in connection with anything that has been done at the Mission, but from an unprovoked attack by an Ajawa chief, named Mitichi, who sent a band of men to plunder Mission carriers. They came on the carriers, taking calico and other goods to Mount Zomba, and after some firing, took three trunks of calico and some provisions. Mr.

McDonald, Ponwick, and some natives went to the village, and gave a warning, "But did not get the calico. They then left the place in peace, but men went on to force and waylay them. They were fired upon from behind them, and after it got too hot for them, they returned fire and two natives were killed and some wounded. They returned home, the carriers, however, throwing away in their flight three more trunks, and it is said two or three more were killed and wounded—the chief of the village here also getting a bad wound in the leg. There the matter rests, and I trust it is finished; but no news has arrived for ten days from Mount Zomba, which makes us feel a little anxious."

The above is an extract from a letter in the *Express*. But as for the "two or three more being killed," we were informed that nine killed was the less of those opposed to the Mission party. There have been several previous "wars" to the above and subsequent ones, but all have arisen since the shooting of the native (from which she suffered much) to interfere with her engagements, and ended by being surrounded with a respect and honor such as had never before been accorded to native tribes.

It is, indeed, off the stage that the romance and indescribable charm of Adrienne Lecourtre properly begin to emanate, and have lent that grace and perfume to her harmonious name which still reaches us across one hundred and fifty years. She was not only a great actress, but also a highly-mingled woman. Before her, those of her profession, and especially of the stage, were a class of tolerated outcasts, from whom a Pharisaical world was content to derive its pleasure, but which it despised as unworthy to touch the hem of its garment.

Adrienne, by her toilet simplicity of life and manners, brought down this insolence of the man in charge of the gang, and being rather long the sick native got up and also went in search of the head man. On their return the tea had been stolen, and both men were seized and their hands tied together with bowstrings. By some accident the sick man alone was marched on to Blantyre, and on arrival at that place the tea was demanded of him. On his declaring his innocence, it was thought necessary to flog the information out of him.

The arm of the white began to tire in addition to which he sickened of the job; but this is denied." It was not a boy; it was a full-grown, able-bodied negro! The story told us is very harrowing in this case. Some things had been handed to Adrienne for transmission to Blantyre, and a gang of carriers having been obtained from the chief, two men were told off to carry a chest of tea. One of them was sick, and did not wish to go, but eventually he started. Feeling worse still at hat, as usual with insolence, it travelled at her feet. Not only men, but the highest ladies in Paris, crowded to her salons, "she is now the fashion," she writes to a friend, "to sit in our houses, because a few cinches have thought fit to confer on me this honour." It is regrettable, but will be in no way surprising to those who have studied the history of manners, to learn that the duchesses showed themselves on these occasions very ill-bred, and passed remarks on their graceful hosts which she was too quick not to hear and too bold to notice. She sat in a small house, which had once been inhabited by the post racing, in the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain. There it was her pleasure and relaxation, after the fashionable ladies had retired, to receive a choice circle of intimate and tried friends, with whom she could converse with ease and frankness. "I do not find that numbers make up for the want of personal worth. I do not care to grieve, and therefore three natives who teach in the schools, and whose names are Bismarck, Roya, and Aramara, began to flog him round about. After having received a good deal more than 200 lashes the three natives took off the senseless form of their victim down, and dragging him into the store, chained him to a post and left him. Half an hour after, Adrienne announced a large fortune for those day and died worth \$300,000, which fact those who estimate at their true value the qualities implied by judicious expenditure may be inclined to consider the most striking evidence of her sterling and self-contained character.

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The above is an extract from a recent number of the *Christian Express* (London, 1st August, 1879), a monthly journal edited by Dr. Stewart and printed at Lovelace.

"The news in connection with the Blantyre Mission of Scotland is much less satisfactory. This Mission is situated on the east side of the Murchison Catarcas among the Shire Hills, and is about 200 miles north of the coast than the Livingstonia Mission. It was the intention of the committee of that Mission to establish an out-station on the slopes of Mount Zomba, about fifty miles from the latter. This station is in charge of one of the laymen, and all food, calico, which is the currency of the country, and other necessities, have now to proceed thither under a strong guard and accompanied by one of the whites. The fighting is incessant, generally getting the best of it and killing several of their opponents.

Dr. Stewart has returned to Lovelace, in South Africa, and the Livingstonia Mission, still pursuing its good work, is under the charge of Dr. Laws, but Dr. Stewart bears a good deal of what goes on.

Read the following extract from a recent number of the *Christian Express* (London, 1st August, 1879), a monthly journal edited by Dr. Stewart and printed at Lovelace.

"A LAQUSTRINE VOLCANO.

La Nature gives some details concerning volcanic phenomena observed in Lake Illopango, in San Salvador. Earthquakes were felt in San Salvador in the first half of January of this year; there were three strong shocks, less violent, however, than those of 1876. These earthquakes had their centre in the vicinity of Lake Illopango, in the midst of which rose three volcanic openings connected with each other. This new crater, which appears a small island, rises above the surface of the water, however, about 20 metres. An attempt was made to approach it in a boat, but the waters were all in a state of ebullition from contact with the burning rock, and gave off torments of steam. An abundant column of smoke rose in the air, assuming the aspect of an immense cloud, which was seen from a great distance, and formed an impressive spectacle.

The phenomenon was preceded by an exceptional rising of the lake, increased by the abundant winter rains. According to old tradition, the Spaniards maintain that when the lake rises earthquakes are to be feared.

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HONGKONG MARKETS.

RECORDED BY CHINESE ON THE 5TH AUG. 1880.

COTTON GOODS.

AMERICAN DRILL.

COTTON YARN.

CHINAText.

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